

"Daring from that day, a perceptible and unfavorable change took place in my father's character. . . . Without apparent cause he became irritable, restless, and unhappy, and a very short time elapsed before he became guilty of an act of which none of us could be guilty. He had attracted the attention of a small circle of judges and amateurs of art. My father from the first had perceived and appreciated this young man's talent, and had shown himself particularly well-disposed towards him. Suddenly, as if by a spell, envy and hatred were generated in his mind. The general opinion was that the pupil became so because of the master, who could not bear with patience the name of the rising genius. At length, to fill up the measure of his mortification, he learned that the young man had been preferred to paint a picture for a splendid church then just completed. This drove my father frantic. Bristling in his mind with indignation, and sorely vexed at his own undesigned uprightness and honesty, he began to dole out judgments and spoke thus: 'The picture presented by this artist,' he said, 'has undoubtedly very high merit as a mere work of art; but it is unsuited to the place and purpose for which it was designed. Those countenances have nothing sacred or holy in their expression. On the contrary, you may discern every one of them, and especially in the eyes, the traits of the most depraved and dissolute characters of the money-lender.' The picture presented on the canvass with such a devilish and abominable stare, that he himself could hardly help shuddering. The picture was rejected, and, with unspeakable rage and envy, he heard the prize awarded to his former pupil. He returned home in a state of ill-mind worthy of a demon. He abused and even ill-treated my poor mother, who, though modified, of some of his position, pointed, drove, his children brutally from him, broke his chairs and brushes, tore down from the wall the portrait of the money-lender, called for a knife, and ordered a fire to be instantly lighted, intending to cut up the picture and burn it. In this mood he was found by a friend, a painter like himself, a careless, but a dog, always in good-humor, untroubled with ambitious work, gay as a conqueror but content to get to bed, and loving a good dinner and merry company.

"'What the deuce are you at? what are you about to burn?' said he, going up to your portrait. 'Why, are you mad?' This is one of your very best pictures. The old money-lender, I declare. By Jove! an exact of the old fellow's figure! Admirably hit off! you have caught him in the act of laughing at his own portrait. He must swear you have transported them from the head to the picture. They look out of the canvass, as if—

"'Well, see how they look in the fire,' said my father snarling, making a movement to thrust the picture into the grate.

"'Give it up, stop!' cried his friend, 'and packing his arms. 'Give it up, stop!' said he, 'I will not do it. I am still unwilling, but at last consented; and the jolly old painter, enchanted with his acquisition, carried off the portrait.

"'The picture gone, my father felt himself more tranquil. 'It seemed,' he said, 'as if its departure had relieved my heart of a heavy burden. I was at ease at his present conduct, at the malice and envy that had filled his soul. The more he reflected, the stronger became his sorrow and repentance. 'Yes,' he said at last exclaimed, with sincere self-reproach, 'God has punished me for my sins; my picture was really a shameful and abominable thing. It was inspired by a wicked heart, and I have disgraced my name and my father's name. Hated and despised, my pencil! what better feelings could I expect it to portray?'—

"Without a moment's delay he went in search of his former pupil, embraced him affectionately, entreated his forgiveness, and did all in his power to efface from the young man's mind the remembrance of his fault. He begged him to return to his father, and contented toil, although his face had assumed a pensive and melancholy expression, previously a stranger to it. He prayed more frequently and fervently, was more often silent, and spoke less bluntly and roughly to others; the rugged surface of his character was smoothed and softened.

"For a long time he displayed a new scene of his heart, everything of the friend to whom he had given the portrait, and he was one day about to go out and inquire after him, when the man himself entered the room. But his former joviality of manner was gone. He looked worn and melancholy; his cheeks were hollow, his complexion pale, and his clothes hung loosely about him. My father and I struck with the change, and inquired what ailed him.

"'Nothing now,' was the reply; 'nothing since I got rid of that infernal portrait. I was wrong, my friend, not to let you burn it. The devil fly with craft and the like, but I am more than half persuaded some evil spirit is lodged in the portrait of the money-lender.'

"'What makes you think so?' said my father.

"'The simple fact, that from the very first day I entered my house, I, formerly so gay and jovial, became the most anxious melancholy doer that ever whined under a galloway. I was irritable, ill-tempered, disposed to cut my own throat, and everybody else's. I was long in bed, and I was always seeing or hearing something of the friend to whom he had given the portrait, and he was one day about to go out and inquire after him, when the man himself entered the room. But his former joviality of manner was gone. He looked worn and melancholy; his cheeks were hollow, his complexion pale, and his clothes hung loosely about him. My father and I struck with the change, and inquired what ailed him.

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thought, perhaps, that the Pythoness reluctantly agreed upon this new strategy to reduce the enemy, and it is probable that such is the case, but such reliance may be misplaced for native troops are better employed in maintaining the invader's power than establishing it. This is the experience of the English in India.

"With these we shall make excursions from the City of Mexico, as the base of our operations." Here the Oracle is not accurate. It speaks the plain truth. It reveals the whole plan of complete subjugation of the military arm. It took 40,000 Spaniards to hold the whole of Mexico in subjugation for 200 years. It will not take 20,000 Americans to do the same work, judging from past results. But Scott will have near 50,000 men under him, and already he has been ordered to over-run and seize the whole country. And energy in this thing is, doubtless, what is meant by the "proper degree of energy" by which peace is to be secured at a "distant day."

"All we have to do is to use the means which Providence has showered upon us, the valor of our troops, the patriotism of volunteers, the skill of our officers, and the resources of our Treasury—in order to secure an honorable peace." Had all these things been used without stint, we should have had peace long ere this; but it is not remarkable that the Pythoness, in enumerating the means which Providence has showered upon us, omitted to make any allusion to the men who have the control of the General Administration of the Government? Was because she knew that they had no claims to skill in its management? The omission is significant.

But what is most remarkable in these givings out of the Oracle, is the *war sentiment* breathing through every line and word of them. It is war to the knife, even the "fighting in masses be altogether overruled." We have contended and still contend, that Mexico is at an end as a nation, and to continue to war against her people is worse than savage barbarity. We have contended that Congress ought now to intervene, and take the war out of the hands of the President, extending the sovereignty of the U. States over Mexico. In this way alone, it appears to us, can we extinguish the ferocious war feeling which animates the Administration and its oracle, and prompts the Executive to over-ride the Constitution in his conduct of the war. Now, the Executive conducts the war under the law of nations, and not under the Constitution. Let Congress make rules for the captured territory, and the President is at once shorn of the immense power which he claims as an administrator of the law of nations. If he is suffered to go before the country—he or his successor in the nomination for President—upon the question of absorption, his party will as surely carry it as it comes. It is the duty of Congress, therefore, to arrest this approaching state of things, by such means as may appear most wise to that body.

It will be seen from these remarks how little dependence is to be placed in any utterance which the Pythoness of the Union utters. It is the perpetuation of the Polk dynasty which was the object of the war, and which continues to be its object, and whenever we read any thing in the book of the Pythoness—the Washington Union—that pretends to reveal the future, we are only to try it to the test of the grand motive which controls the very existence of the Executive, and its oracle will be solved in a moment.

"We find upon our table, this morning, from prolific assistance of Messrs. BROOKS, SHILLER & Co., corner of Penn. avenue and 41-3 street, the following new work:

NOTES ON THE UPPER RIO GRANDE, by BRYAN TILDEN, JR., explored in the months of October and November, 1856, on board the steamer "Albatross," commanded by Capt. MARK STEWART, U. S. A., commanding Major-General PATTERSON, U. S. A., commanding the second division Army of Occupation, Mexico.

"This work is the result of actual observation, will serve to convey a better idea of the Upper Grande, than an elaborately finished drawing might do by itself.

"It is published by J. B. BASTORE; or, The Main before the Main, by HOWARD, and THE CONVOY; or, The Hypocrite Unmasked, by G. B. BASTORE.

Here, reader, you have the titles of sterling work. If you read—and in this age who does not read!—will not be satisfied until you have made your master of their contents.

CLERK OF THE HOUSE.—We learn that Mr. French's friends are making very free with the names of Whig members of Congress. They are saying that Mr. Adams, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Thibodeaux, and Levin, *not*, intend to vote for Mr. French for Clerk of the House. These friends are guilty of indulging in such fancies as these before the election, for the time is not far distant when they'll have been taken taking any unwarrantable liberty with these gentlemen's names. They are *Whigs*, not *Democrats*, and know their duty to their party as well as to their country.

MR. LEWIS OF ALABAMA.—We gave, a day or two ago, the proceedings of a Taylor meeting at Montgomery, Alabama, which show that the friends of Mr. Calhoun in that State are uniting with the Whigs in support of General Taylor. It is understood that Mr. French and his friends are excusable in referring to the Senate by a union of the Whigs and Calhoun men of the Legislature of Alabama, as an earnest of General Taylor will receive the cordial support of the friends of Mr. Calhoun throughout the Union.

THE NEW YORK COURIER AND ENQUIRER, takes strong ground against Mr. Clay's Resolutions as a platform of Whig policy, and is hotly opposed to his being brought forward as the Whig candidate for the Presidency. We shall reproduce the article next week for the perusal of our readers.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, we, is not altogether pleased with Mr. Clay's speech, but is disposed to bring him out for the Presidency. We have some articles from the Tribune on the subject which show plain sense, and we would like to let our readers see what is said on this side of the house.

ELECTION OF U. S. SENATOR.—We hail the election of the Hon. John Bell to the U. S. Senate from Tennessee. The Union of last night informing us he came out in advance against the Lexington Frey.

THE Nashville (Tenn.) Whig is opposed to Mr. Clay's policy, and goes for retaining all our conquests at every hazard.

Mr. Calhoun in his speech of last February in the Senate, held the following remarkable words: "Mexico is as forbidden fruit. The day of her death should be short, and her political existence, Her independence, her capacity for greatness, should be esteemed by us as next in importance to our own."

Mr. Tompkins, the new Whig member of Congress from Mississippi, says he will vote supplies of arms on the war, but the President must show his hand first, and declare what is his policy in conducting the war.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—OFFICIAL

	1844.	1846.	1847.
Democratic vote,	241,069	187,306	156,272
Whig vote,	231,059	198,678	174,741
Total vote,	472,148	386,984	331,013
Dem. decrease,		53,739	31,000
Whig decrease,		32,311	24,121
Total decrease,		66,964	25,121

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